

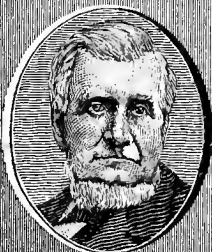


HOLINESS TO THE LORD
THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Hubbard C N 24 31

Published Semi Monthly
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



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RUPTURE.

SALT LAKE CITY, August 5th, 1896.

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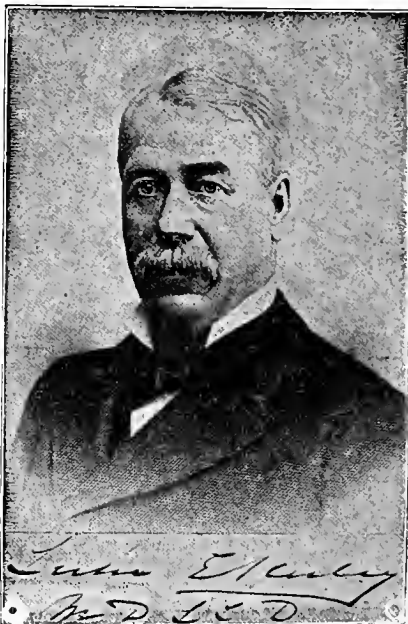
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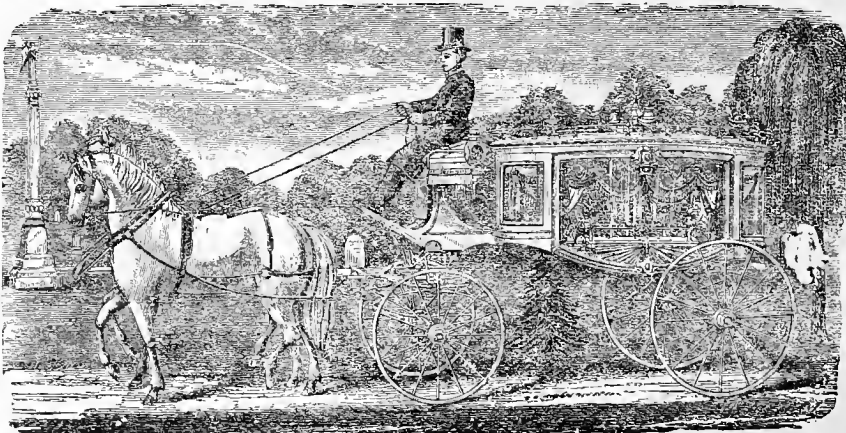
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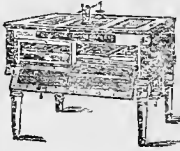
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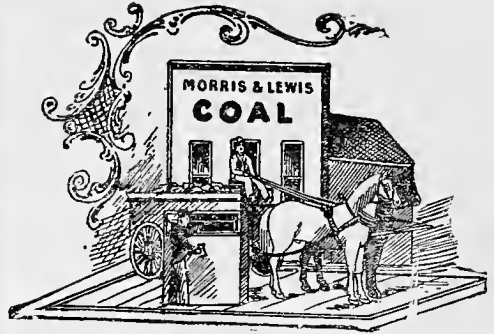
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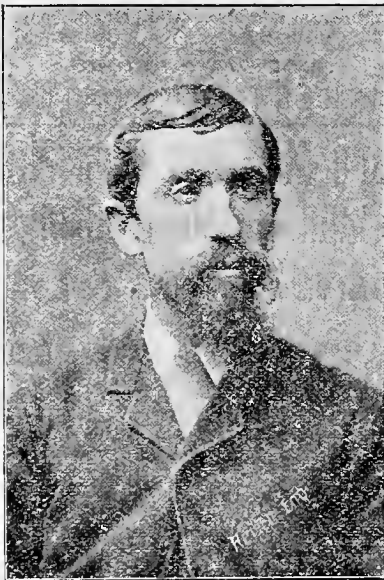
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VOL. XXXI.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 15, 1896.

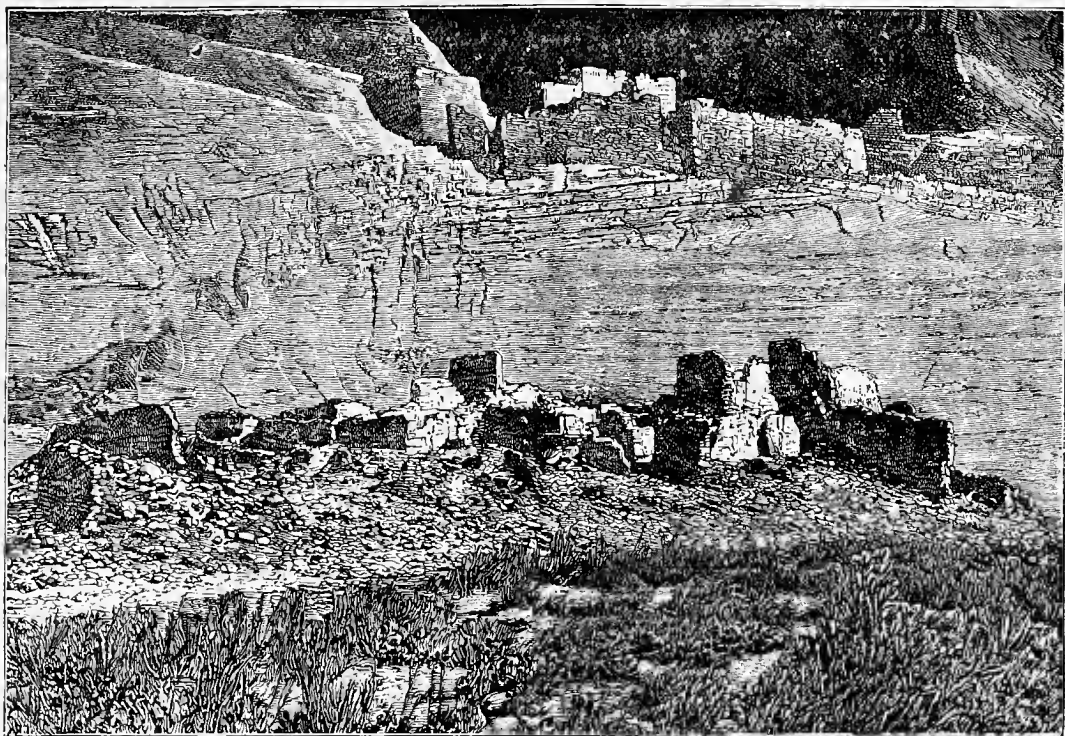
No. 20.

EARLY AMERICA.

ONCE upon a time, many years before the people of Europe and other eastern countries had found out that the earth was round like a ball, when all the wise

an unknown continent. This far away country was America, and this unknown people were what we now call the American Indians.

Of course all my readers know how



RUINS OF AMERICA.

men of the world thought that the earth was flat, and that if they went too far they would tumble off—into nobody knows where—an unknown people lived far away from the civilized world upon

these people came here: how Lehi and his family, leaving Jerusalem, sailed across the ocean and landed upon these shores: how they grew in numbers, built villages and cities, the ruins of which

interest and surprise modern discoverers: and of how the tribes disagreed, fought and destroyed each other until only the Lamanites were left, cursed by God with dark skins because of their wickedness. Hundreds of years passed before any other people knew of their existence, far off in the western hemisphere. They increased rapidly, separating into fierce, nomadic tribes, scattered over both continents. They sinned and wandered from God, becoming ignorant and idolatrous, and knowing nothing of the former existence of their fore fathers. They have a faint, superstitious belief in a Divine Being, and when they first saw the white men, they thought they were from another world, and worshiped them.

In South America, especially near the Andes mountains, and also in Mexico and many parts of the United States, relics and ruins have been found which prove that at one time this wild ignorant people were far advanced in civilization. When they first settled this country, of course they knew as much as any of the Jews who were more civilized than any other people at that time. But they forgot about their religion, and were cruel and wicked, and so God allowed their minds to grow dark, and they forgot all they had known of the arts which they had understood so well. An account of all the generations of these people was kept up to the time when the Nephites were overcome by the Lamanites. These records were kept upon plates of gold, and were hidden away in the earth by the Nephite prophet, and have been given to us in the latter days. Since that time we know of no record having been kept, so all we know of their sinfulness and degeneration is what we see from their present pitiable condition.

Among the various tribes of Indians are the Cliff Dwellers, living high upon the mountains, out of the reach of invading people or animals. Far up almost perpendicular rocks which it seems would be impossible for a human being to scale, they build their homes. They are very quick and active, and can climb in many places where some animals could not. In some places they have ladders which they use to reach their homes, pulling them up after them when they ascend.

At the World's Fair in Chicago these cliff dwellers were represented in a most picturesque and interesting manner. The presentation was far ahead of the reality. One would scarcely care to visit and explore their real dwellings, however romantic one would imagine them to be, for the people are filthy in their habits, and the odors which one's nose encounters are extremely offensive. Still it is interesting to learn from actual observation of the habits of different people. The Indians are very different in their customs and appearance in various parts of the country, those of the far north being so unlike those of the southern continent that one would hardly recognize them as belonging to the same race of people.

The condition of the early inhabitants of America have changed greatly in the last few hundred years. From the time they reached this country, about six hundred years before the birth of the Savior, until during the 16th century, they lived here unmolested by foreign nations. After the discovery of this country by Columbus the white invaders usurped their lands until now this great nation possess only small portions of the mighty land which once they called their own.

Ennas.

THE PET OF PINEY ISLANDS.

WE had been hunting together about a week prior to our visit to Piney Island and had already added largely to our stock of rare birds and plants. By "we" I mean my three friends, George Batter, Tom Latham, Gordon King, and, of course, myself. We were amateur naturalists, out for a holiday and a chance to increase our private collections of specimens. Anything that crawled, walked or flew, was game to our nets, so when old Silas, our colored cook, told us that Piney Island was the nesting ground of a rare species of crane, we at once packed our traps and bade teamster drive us over there.

Piney Island lies about the center of the great Tickfaw swamp, which is an enormous tract of partly submerged forest, lakes and marshes, situated in the south-eastern part of Louisiana. The great Georgia swamp has long had the reputation of being the largest in the United States, but I doubt that it is really as extensive as the one of which I write.

We reached the island by way of a corduroy road which connected it with the chief landing place on the Tickfaw River. The "corduroys" was merely a wide trail cut through the dense jungle and paved with rough, uneven logs. It was a road to try the patience of the most saintly teamster that ever "skinned" a mule, and I mentally vowed that if our Jehu accomplished the trip without unduly offending our ears, my pocket-book should contribute something over and above his regular wage when we came to settle with him. In places the logs, water-sodden and rotten, had sunk two or three feet under water, and how the horses ever managed to keep on their legs on some of the spots

we passed over, I don't know to this day.

When we reached Piney Island—a stretch of good, firm land, about four square miles in area—we found that a squatter family had their abode there, and we were indebted to them for shelter and sundry corn "pones" all through our sojourn.

We learned that the house in which they lived had belonged to a former settler, who had succumbed to malaria, and found a grave at the foot of the big pine tree in the front yard. The present owner had simply buried the former one, his friend, and then entered into possession of the meager estate without recourse to wills, deeds, or courts of probate.

The household consisted of father, mother, a grown daughter, and two stalwart boys aged about sixteen and fourteen respectively. Having lived all their lives in the swamps, even the older members of the family knew little and cared less about the outside world, and what transpired in it. The great swamp about them was their world, and they were more interested in certain deer runs, and the best bait for buffalo fish than in anything pertaining to the life we knew.

The father spent nearly all his time in fishing and hunting, and the two boys made many an excursion into the swamp on their own account. They had many trophies of the chase to show us, among which were a litter of young otters, and a bear-cub chained to a sapling in the yard, which had attracted our attention when we first arrived.

The cub was hardly half-grown, though it showed itself to be powerful in its limbs and claws, and snapped its teeth viciously whenever we approached.

George, the older of the boys,

noticed me trying to tempt it into friendliness with a piece of sugar, and he laughed heartily at my lack of success. The cub was evidently on good terms with him, for he walked over to it and pulled its ears playfully.

"Where did you get it?" I asked, and he told me the following story of the capture of the cub:

"My brother Will and I," he said, "started out one morning for a hunt on a neighboring island. We carried a gun, a hatchet, and two or three 'pones' of corn bread. We went by water because, although it was much further around, it was easier than tramping through the muddy swamp.

"We first paddled up a narrow, winding stretch called Alligator Bayou, and then turned into a boat road—a channel cut through the swamp—and this brought us into another bayou.

"We paddled up this second bayou for a few miles, and finally reached a big marsh, dotted with little islands, grown over with cypress trees and palmetto underbrush.

"It was after ten o'clock when we got to the marsh, and the sky looked like rain. We continued to push along, however, and about four o'clock in the afternoon we reached our destination.

"We had used up so much time in getting there, that we knew we couldn't return home until the next day; so while Will looked around for a good place to camp. I threw the gun over my shoulder and started out to shoot something for supper.

"After walking about a quarter of a mile, I came across a flock of wild turkeys, and I managed to get one with the first shot. On the way back to camp I struck a fresh bear track, but I didn't pay much attention to it, except

to hope that the bear wouldn't bother us during the night.

"When I got back to camp, it was raining quite hard, and I was glad to see that Will had gathered a lot of wood and started a fire.

"While Will cleaned and cooked the turkey, I cut some saplings, tied them at either end to trees a few feet apart, and then roofed them with big palmetto leaves, laying some brush on top to keep the roof from blowing off.

"We had a good supper of cold corn bread and broiled turkey, and while we were eating, I told Will about the bear track I had seen.

"Let's follow it up in the morning," he proposed. "This is the season for young cubs, and we may run across one."

"I was willing, and before we went to sleep we laid our plans for a bear hunt next day.

"We finished eating our breakfast by daylight next morning and started out, I carrying the gun, and Will the hatchet and a length of rope from the boat. I had no idea that we'd find a cub, but Will was always on the lookout for wild pets, so he brought the rope along in case we'd need it.

"We found the bear tracks, and followed them easily enough until we came to a place where the pine-needles were thick, up near the backbone of the island, and then we lost them.

"After scouting around a little while, we struck across the ridge, hoping to find the tracks again on the other side. We must have hunted around two or three hours, and I was about to give it up, when Will, who was nosing about a little to the left of me, made me a signal.

"When I reached him, he pointed to some fresh bear tracks that he had just

found, and asked me if they looked as though they had been made that morning. I wasn't a good enough hunter to tell, but we decided to follow them.

"The trail led us into what was doubtless the path of an old-time hurricane, the ground being crowded with up-rooted trees, in many places piled together in giant stacks. Here we lost the tracks, but we still kept on, hoping to strike them again in clearer ground beyond.

"After traveling about a hundred yards, Will climbed onto an elevated log and looking forward he saw, not more than twenty feet away, a small open space, covered with a deep drift of pine-needles, in the center of which were two oblong depressions, or beds, some fifteen inches deep. In one of these were two young bears, asleep, the mother evidently being out feeding.

"I stepped onto the log beside him, raised the gun to my shoulder and glanced along the barrel, but Will grabbed me by the arm and whispered to me to wait.

"'Let's try and get one of 'em alive, anyway,' he said. 'One live cub is worth a dozen dead ones.'

"Stepping cautiously from the log, we stole across the soft carpet of pine-needles to within a few feet of the sleeping cubs, when a dry twig snapped under my feet. One of the cubs scrambled up, gave us a frightened glance, and bolted into the brush; but before little bear number two could collect his wits, Will had dropped his axe and jumped astride of his back.

"Then I enjoyed a circus all to myself. The surprised cub let out a sound between an angry snarl, and a terrified whimper, and tried to struggle to its feet; but Will put forth all his strength and pinned it to the ground. Then the

cub got mad in earnest, tore up the pine-needles with its claws, and would certainly have made it very uncomfortable for its captor in a few minutes more, had I not snatched up the rope, made a slip-knot in it, and choked the animal into partial submission.

"After Will had recovered his breath, he tied the other end of the rope about his waist, so as to make sure of the captive, and we dragged it out of the fallen timber, and into a deer trail which led in the direction of our camp. As long as the cub ran in the right direction, we made no efforts to check it; but whenever it became unruly and tried to turn off to either side, we went ahead and dragged it after us.

"'We'd better keep a sharp lookout for the old one,' said Will, as we puffed and panted along the trail. 'She's certain to follow us when she gets home and finds out that we have kidnapped one of her cubs.'

"When we reached camp, I held the cub while Will gathered up our few traps and threw them into the boat. Then we proceeded to get our captive aboard, and found that we had a job on our hands. He clawed and bit at us savagely, but we finally solved the difficulty by wrapping our one blanket about his head and tying his feet together. Then we bundled him into the boat, jumped in ourselves, and pushed off.

"And we were none too soon about it. We had made but a few strokes with the oars, when the swamp-cane along the shore commenced to crash and sway, and the next moment the old she-bear came into view and dashed into the water after us.

"You can easily imagine that we were a pair of pretty badly scared boys. The old bear was so mad that she fairly

foamed at the mouth, and she plunged after us in a way that bade fair to land her aboard of us before we could gain water deep enough to compel her to swim.

"She was within ten feet of the stern of the boat, when Will dropped his oar, snatched up the gun, and fired point-blank at her head. That saved us. Whether it was because he wounded her badly, or because the water was getting too deep for comfort, I don't know, but she suddenly stopped. The next moment we rounded a wooded point, and we lost sight of her, though for some seconds after, we could hear a hoarse growling and whining as though she were debating with herself whether to return to the attack or not.

"We reached home in safety after a long, hard pull, and that night we cooped up our prisoner in the smoke-house. Next day we hunted up a length of old log-chain, father made us a strong leather collar, and we tethered him to the tree where you now see him."

"Suppose I offered you twenty-five dollars for him—would you take it?" I asked.

The boy shook his head decidedly.

"Well, say I make it fifty?" I continued.

A gleam of temptation crept into his eyes for a moment. Fifty dollars was perhaps more money than he had handled in the whole course of his life. It would suffice to buy him a breech-loader of the latest model, and fishing-tackle galore.

I did not want the bear. I was merely trying to test the strength of his commercial instinct, so I raised my offer to sixty dollars without waiting for his answer. This last offer had an effect exactly opposite to what I expected.

"No, sir," he finally replied, "Sixty dollars is a whole lot of money, and it would buy plenty of things that we need badly; but you haven't got cash enough in your jeans to buy the pet of Piney Island."

H. Allan Clark.

LIFE OF DAVID W. PATTEN.

CHAP. IV.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 548.)

FROM Paris, Tennessee, David made his way to Kirtland, where events very nearly concerning him were soon to take place.

Even before the organization of the Church, two of the witnesses to the Book of Mormon, were directed to search out the Twelve Apostles, and as a mark by which these men were to be known the Lord particularizes:

"And the Twelve are they who shall desire to take upon them my name with full purpose of heart."

In his diary under date of 1835, the Prophet Joseph writes:

"On the Sabbath previous to the 14th of February, brothers Joseph and Brigham Young came to my house after meeting and sang for me; the Spirit of the Lord was poured out upon us, and I told them I wanted those brethren together who went up to Zion in the camp the previous summer, for I had a blessing for them."

Of the minutes of that meeting on February 14th, a brief extract will be interesting:

"President Joseph Smith, Jr., after making many remarks on the subject of choosing the Twelve, wanted an expression from the brethren if they would be satisfied to have the Spirit of the Lord dictate in the choice of the Elders to be

Apostles; whereupon all the Elders present expressed their anxious desire to have it so.

"A hymn was then sung, "Hark, listen to the Trumpeters." President Hyrum prayed and meeting was dismissed for one hour.

"Assembled pursuant to adjournment, and commenced with prayer.

"President Joseph Smith, Jr., said that the first business of the meeting was for the three witnesses of the Book of Mormon to pray, each one, and then proceed to choose twelve men from the Church as Apostles, to go to all nations, kindreds, tongues and people.

"The three witnesses, viz., Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris, united in prayer.

"These three witnesses were then blessed by the laying on of the hands of the Presidency.

"The witnesses then, according to a former commandment, proceeded to make a choice of the Twelve. Their names are as follows:

Lyman E. Johnson,	Wm. E. McLellin,
Brigham Young,	John F. Boynton,
Heber C. Kimball,	Orson Pratt,
Orson Hyde,	William Smith,
David W. Patten,	Thos. B. Marsh,
Luke Johnson,	Parley P. Pratt."

Under the hands of the witnesses, the Twelve were next ordained. David's ordination occurred on Sunday, February 15, 1835, in language of which the following quotation from the minutes is probably only a synopsis:

"O God, give this, Thy servant, a knowledge of Thy will; may he be like one of old, who bore testimony of Jesus; may he be a new man from this day forth. He shall be equal with his brethren, the Twelve, and have the qualifications of the Prophets before him; may his body be strong and never weary; may

he walk and not faint. May he have power over all diseases, and faith according to his desires; may the heavens be opened upon him speedily, that he may bear testimony from knowledge; that he may go to the nations and isles afar off. May he have a knowledge of the things of the kingdom from the beginning, and be able to tear down priestcraft like a lion; may he have power to smite his enemies before him with utter destruction; may he continue till the Lord comes. O Father, we seal these blessings upon him. Even so. Amen."

The period intervening till the 4th of May, when their first mission was entered upon, was a veritable Pentacost to the newly chosen Twelve. Through the Prophet Joseph and his counsellors the Lord truly poured out upon them the choicest blessings of heaven. On March 28th, in answer to their petition for "a revelation of His mind and will concerning our duty the coming season, even a great revelation that will enlarge our hearts, comfort us in adversity, and brighten our hopes amidst the power of darkness," the Lord, through the Prophet, answered every desire of their hearts with the revelation Section 107, in the Doctrine and Covenants.

Just before starting on their first mission as a quorum unto the eastern states, to set the branches of the Church in order, the Twelve were instructed to take their places in council, according to age, the oldest to be seated at the head. In pursuance thereof, the Twelve were arranged with Thomas B. Marsh, David W. Patten and Brigham Young in the order named; and this fact gives us the most definite information we now have as to the date of David's birth. Thomas B. Marsh, being the oldest of the Twelve, was born November 1, 1799, and Brigham Young on June 1, 1801, and some-

where between these dates was the birthday of David.

The 4th of May saw the departure of the Twelve from Kirtland. The next five months were spent by David in traveling with his quorum through New York, Canada, Vermont and Maine, holding meetings and setting branches in order; when a return was made to Kirtland in September, 1835.

The indelibility of the impressions made by David upon those with whom he associated was something remarkable. Though it is nearly sixty years since his death, the Saints who knew him in life still recall with pleasure the inspiration of his presence. In the course of a ride of twenty-five miles with him on horseback about the time of David's return from his mission with the Twelve, Lorenzo Snow first received a testimony of the truth of the Gospel. Sister Eliza R. Snow in the biography of her brother best describes the occurrence:

"On his way to Oberlin, my brother accidentally fell in company with David W. Patten, an incident to which he frequently refers as one of those seemingly trivial occurrences in human life which leave an indelible trace. This gentleman was an early champion of the fulness of the gospel as taught by Jesus and His Apostles in the meridian of time, and revealed in our own day through the Prophet Joseph Smith, to which cause Elder Patten fell a martyr on the 24th of October, 1838, in Missouri, during the terrible scenes of persecution through which the Latter-day Saints passed in that state. He possessed a mind of deep thought and rich intelligence. In conversation with him, my brother was much impressed with the depth and beauty of the philosophical reasoning with which this inspired Elder seemed perfectly familiar as he descanted on

the condition of the human family in connection with the sayings of the ancient Prophets, as recorded in the Scriptures—the dealings with, and the purposes of God in relation to His children on the earth. From that time a new field, with a new train of reflections, was open to my brother's mind, the impress of which has never been erased."

Lycurgus A. Wilson.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT WOMEN LIKE IN MEN.

WOMEN like honesty of purpose and consideration. They like a man who is interested in their new dresses, who can give an opinion on the fit and who is properly indignant at any article written against women. They like a man who likes them, who doesn't scorn their opinions, who believes in their good taste, who has confidence in them, and who, best of all, knows that the love promised is given him. They like a man who can be strong as a lion when trouble comes and yet, if one is nervous and tired, can button up a shoe with an amount of consideration that is a mental and physical bracer up. They like a man who is master of the situation—that is, who has brains enough to help a woman decide what is the best thing to do under the circumstances, and who has wit enough to realize, when one of the fairer sex is slightly stubborn, that persuasion is more powerful than all the arguments in the world.

WE put too much faith in systems, and look too little to men.

Every man should keep a fair-sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of friends.

. . . THE . . .

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 15, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.**SUCCESSION OF PRIESTHOOD.**

THE religious world has always been greatly divided upon the question of authority to officiate in the ordinances of the Gospel. Some of the churches have deemed it very important to be able to trace a succession of priesthood from the days of the Apostles until the present time. This is notably the case with the Church of Rome. The Lutheran Church, and what is known as the Church of England, have also attached considerable importance to the succession of authority. There has been an attempt made recently by the Church of England to obtain recognition from Rome of its orders as being valid; but the commission that was appointed to enquire into this question reported adversely to its claims.

There are many churches that consider this question of succession of authority as unworthy of attention. One of the eastern religious papers, "*The Independent*," views the matter in that light. It conveys the idea that with the good men and women who have succeeded Peter and Paul and have the spirit that Peter and Paul had, it makes no difference whether hands have ever touched them in ordination or not. It considers it a low and an irreligious view of Christianity to think it necessary to be ordained by those who have received their authority one from another back to the Apostles. In other

words, it does not consider the proof that Apostolic succession exists as worthy of the least attention.

These discussions and contentions in the religious world ought to make the Latter-day Saints exceedingly thankful for that which they have received. There are hundreds of churches which profess to be of Christ, and yet they differ very widely in their teachings and in their religious practices. They cannot, in the very nature of things, all be right; in fact, it is contrary to the whole spirit of the Savior's teachings to imagine that there can be more than one church which He would call His. It is simply ridiculous to suppose that the Savior, who prayed so earnestly to His Father for union among His disciples, would fail to desire and to command that His people should be one, or that the Holy Ghost would rest upon thousands of people of different denominations and teach them to be divided and disunited. Nothing more clearly sustains the position that the Latter-day Saints take and the testimony they bear concerning the establishment of the Lord's church in these last days than the diversity of sects and of doctrines that are taught in the so-called Christian world. What possible hope could any earnest seeker after truth receive from these different denominations when the lack of authority is so apparent? It is not to be wondered at that sincere Protestants turn their eyes toward Rome and many of them take refuge in that church, because there is a consistency in the claims of the Church of Rome to Apostolic succession. But those claims are not supported by the facts of history. That church lost the authority of the Priesthood through transgression. The Priesthood was undoubtedly taken back to God. The men who bore it were slain,

and none were left to continue its succession.

Hence the position that our Church occupies is the only logical position. The Prophet Joseph Smith testified that he and Oliver Cowdery were ordained by men who once held the Priesthood on the earth. John the Baptist, who held the authority to baptize, and who did baptize the Son of God himself, came and laid his hands on the heads of Joseph and Oliver, and restored to men on the earth the authority which he held while in the flesh. In like manner the Apostles Peter, James and John appeared unto them and ordained them to the Apostleship and Priesthood which they held. By means of these ordinations the authority was once more restored which was necessary for the organization of the Church and for the administration of the saving ordinances of the Gospel.

We are relieved, therefore, as a people, from the necessity of discussing Apostolic succession and from contentions whether it is necessary for men to be ordained by proper authority in order to become ministers of Jesus Christ. All doubt and uncertainty concerning these points were swept away by the knowledge that the Apostleship has been restored to the earth from a source which leaves its validity without question. The position of this Church on these points is impregnable. The proofs of what the Lord has done in restoring the authority to man on the earth again are found in the fruits which have followed its restoration. All the evidences of God's favor which attended the Church in ancient days under the administration of the Apostles of the Lord Jesus are to be found in and accompanying the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. That church is distinguished

from all other churches on the earth, in that it possesses in fullness the gifts and graces and the divine manifestations of favor which the Church of Jesus Christ of Former-day Saints possessed.

DARKNESS AND DAWN.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 587.)

"SAY, Milly, what do you want to be such a prig for? It's all rot you're not liking a little fun now and then like the rest of us. If you come down there once with us a shotgun could'n't keep you away afterward, I can tell you that. We have grand times, us boys, and you're a little simpleton not to take all the fun there is going in camp."

"It's not the kind of fun I care for," replied Roy, who responded in camp to the nickname of "Milly" applied to him by the younger miners, each of whom delighted in some similar contraction or perversion of their own Christian or surnames.

"I don't know how to play cards nor billiards, and"—

"It wouldn't take you two hours to learn both."

"I don't see the use of learning, and as I haven't the desire, I may as well spend what time I have to myself, in something that gives me pleasure."

"Don't see the use, eh? Well I'll show you the use it's been to me." Teddy Dawson took from his pocket a bright five dollar gold piece and held it up before Roy's eyes. "I won that at cards last night," he said triumphantly. Roy's eyes widened.

"Do you mean to tell me you boys gamble for money," he asked.

"I don't call it that, and you need'nt, either. We play for dimes and quarters just for fun sometimes, and it don't hurt any of us. You come down to

Scratch's tonight and try a hand; maybe you'll win something. It's lots of fun anyway, whether you win or lose."

Roy shook his head. "I don't think I care to try it."

"Well if it's your idea of fun to be spending your time up at the shanty thumping the guitar for Tom Riley, you can have it all to yourself. There aint any of us going to try to cut you out. And as for turning your nose up at our having a little harmless pleasure, I guess you've got worse records than that in your family and it ought to keep you from getting lofty. It would most people."

Roy turned white, his hands clenched themselves involuntarily and his eye held something that made Teddy turn aside quickly to his work in the side tunnel without waiting for its meaning to materialize in action. It was too mean a taunt to dignify resentment and Roy was glad the next instant that he had not followed his quick impulse. After all he must perhaps expect these taunts from such as Teddy and they could do no such harm to himself as to those who uttered them. Dismissing the theme from his mind he set to work at his task with diligence, till the whistle, sounding outside the tunnel, told the time for quitting work.

After supper at the boarding-house kept by the company, Roy went up to the small room which he was allowed to have to himself apart from the common dormitory in which the rest of the miners slept and touched himself up a little before going out. Not that he expected to go into fine society, but the training of his home life as well as the instincts of his nature made him stay by his habits of tidiness and niceness even in his present surroundings, and though he was only going down to Tom's to while

away an hour or two before bed time, he felt better to be "slicked up" than to keep the dusty garb on that had done service in the tunnel during the day, though with the rest it was customary to change clothes only on Sunday. At first Roy had been "guyed" a little by the others for his so-called fastidiousness, but he was not one to give up a conviction or sentiment for mere ridicule and soon sensing this they learned to let him alone.

Taking his guitar, the one cherished thing left to him of his former possessions, he went up the canyon to Tom Riley's cabin. The place, a poor broken-roofed board "shanty," stood apart from the other cabins belonging to the company, and as its only inmate was poor old bedridden Tom, the company and recreation his visit promised to afford him were not of the liveliest kind. But the lack of these were made up to Roy by the delight his company afforded Tom, for of the latter's many friends and acquaintances there were few who more than called at the door—and this so evidently in charity—that Roy's unselfish devotion of his evenings to the invalid were the green oasis in the unhappy man's existence.

Tom Riley a few years before had been a well and prosperous miner, but a "cave-in" in the coal chamber in which he was working one day had made him a helpless invalid since, and doctor's and nurses' pay had eaten up nearly all of his life's earnings. Roy had gone there with the doctor one night, and afterward there were few evenings that he did not spend an hour or two after his day's work solacing the lonely miner's life with songs and tunes strummed on his beloved instrument. The man had grown to depend on him now almost as a child might have done, and Roy had

begun to feel it as almost a breach of duty to disappoint him.

Often as they sat together Tom had expressed in rough words and ways his appreciation and now and then would hint of the time when he would be able to make up to him munificently for his goodness—when "his ship came in"—and Roy listened indulgently with outward interest and sympathy but with inward pity, for no one in the camp but knew of Tom's vain "castles in the air"—built on the shadowy foundation of a certain coal vein he believed himself to have discovered and which was one day to make his fortune.

The claim Tom had located was in Skull Valley, a canyon across the big "divide" in a spur of the same mountain as their own; but Tom was the only one who had ever seen evidences of coal there, though the region had been well prospected; and so had had his faith in it solely to himself. This was so strong, however, that he had taken up as much of the land as was permitted by law, and had even spent fifty dollars for a piece of timbered slope adjoining, in spite of the protestations and raillery of his friends.

"It will be worth fifty thousand some day" he declared doggedly in reply to all argument, and nothing served to shake his faith. "Some day some capitalist will strike a vein of ore there and have a railroad built, and then we'll see who laughs last," he said to Roy often—and though Roy could only pity his delusion—he would not, since it gave Tom such evident comfort, say one word to change his faith; and it was one of the things that made him idolize the boy, that he so respected his faith.

Rapping at Tom's door tonight Roy was alarmed a little at the voice which answered him. Entering he found Tom

propped up as the doctor had left him some time before, but very white and with a drawn look upon his thin face.

"I'm glad you've come," he said in the same faint tone to Roy.

"Why what's the matter Tom, anything new," Roy asked quickly.

"I've had one of the bad spells again and it's left me weak. I had the doctor prop me up 'fore he left, but I've felt for the last hour as if I could'nt catch my breath without I could lay flat."

"And you've been here alone all this time"—

"Doctor Beach said he'd send Jake up, but he aint come yet."

Jake! Roy knew where Jake Reeder was that night. He had seen him going into "Scratchy's" and that meant until two or three o'clock in the morning. Doubtless he had pledged himself to the doctor, and then had dropped into "Scratchy's" for "just one game." It was always so. And there was Tom. Roy could not but be alarmed at the change in him.

"Is Doctor Beach coming back to-night," he asked.

"I guess not. He said he thought I'd be all right. He said if I was worse to send for him."

"Shall I go now?"

"No, not yet, I may feel better. Besides I want you to sing and play o'er some o'them tunes--seems like they'd do me more good than medicine--'specially that hymn-song you sang las' Sunday. Someway it made me think o' mother and the old home--times she used to dress us kids up an' take us to meetin'. I don't know 's I set much store by them things then, but lately I've felt as if I'd give all my life to be back again sittin' side o' mother in the little meetin' house."

Roy took his guitar and tuned it to a

soft accompaniment. Then he sang "Oh Love Divine," and when he finished there were tears on Tom's cheeks. He looked up at Roy and spoke softly:

"It's all right now—I'm reconciled—an' I can say I'd never a been willin' to go if you had'nt helped me"—

"Why Tom, what do you mean?"

"I mean this. I've been so set that I'd never give up till what I've said 'bout them coal claims come true, that it made my heart bad and bitter whenever I thought maybe I'd have to go 'fore they turned true. You're the first one that's made me feel different, and you're the first that's bore with me talkin' 'bout it, an' it helps make it easier to leave 'fore my hopes has a glimpse of bein' realized, now that I've got some one to leave them claims with as has a right to what they'll bring, for they're yours and no one else's, my boy. I told the doctor today what I wanted, an' tomorrow he's goin' to have the lawyer come and draw up the papers. There's only one thing I'm goin' to hold you to my boy, and that is that you won't let any one persuade you to give up them claims. You're only a boy yet, and can afford to wait, and maybe by the time you're a man, if not before, you'll see what I've prophesied come true."

Roy answered him as best he might, though his conscience pricked him a little for his pretense at belief in Tom's hopes. At any rate it made Tom happier and so he thanked him and sympathized—glad to see that it gave him pleasure and relief—even making him brighten up for a time as if reviving.

About ten o'clock, however, Tom's breathing began to be very short and painful, and Roy, making him as comfortable as possible, hurried down town for the doctor. To his relief he found

him at home and the two were soon hastening back to Tom's bedside.

With the first glance at the sick man the doctor shook his head at Roy. "He can not live till morning," he said.

"Here my boy," he continued, suddenly remembering, "I want you to go back and bring up Lawyer Fletcher. Tell him to lose no time."

It was a year later. The winter had passed very slowly and drearily to Roy, the loneliness and hard work making him thin and pale by the time a second summer came round. He had missed Tom's companionship much, for there were few congenial souls in the rough mining village, and his only solace since Riley's death had been his books and guitar.

Though he bore his lot manfully, in his lonely hours he had brooded a great deal on his father's trouble; and the disgrace of it all—brought home to him by various covert taunts on the part of some of the young fellows who resented him holding himself aloof from them—had made him sense the position as he had not been able to do amidst the first excitements of the events and changes that had occurred in quick succession at the time.

The failure of his father through his unwise speculations would in itself have been small—but that he had attempted to retrieve himself by robbery—this was the stain which would be indelible—and though Hannah still wrote comforting words of assurance and hope as to his father's innocence, and the clearing up of the mystery that surrounded the theft, Roy was too young and his mind too untrained in subtlety to fathom a motive or cause which could have led to the crime in any other, without learning a clue or trace to solve it by. His

trust in human nature could not let him imagine a heart black enough to remain silent while his dead father rested under a false stain. But then—his father! How well he knew that gentle and true soul;—to believe him guilty of that theft was almost utter impossibility. Roy read and re-read Hannah's hopeful letters, hugging joyfully the faith that this one creature beside himself still held in his father's innocence.

"You may have to wait till you're a man, Master Roy, to see him cleared, but when you are, and have money to work with, it will all be made straight. Money can do anything, and you must make yourself a rich man, if only to clear that poor slandered man. Only keep up heart and you'll see the day it'll be done, as I've told you from the first."

So the letters ran, and Roy read each one with newly awakened hope and strength in his heart. Only it seemed so long to wait—till he was a man and had made his fortune! The first condition might transpire, but the second perhaps never. Even if it should be, the time that would pass would only serve to find in the minds of the people the certainty of his father's guilt and at last if he should succeed in realizing Hannah's hope, it would only be perhaps when those who had known and trusted him were dead or had lost interest in the affair. If he were only rich now, and could set to work at once to clear up the mystery, that would be something worth work and hope—to wipe out the one stain on his father's name while the events were still so fresh and his father unforgotten; but this was a vain dream and he must work and wait patiently till time should bring him help. He was thinking these things all over this bright morning as he worked, and it was the

voice of one of the miners in the tunnel ahead of him that roused him from his reverie.

"Milburn! you're wanted at the office."

Roy set his pick aside and went out of the gloom of the mine into the board building at the mouth of the tunnel.

"How are you my boy?" It was Mr. Sterling who spoke, and Roy went forward and received his hearty handshake with pleasure.

"Well, how's the work using you—rather rough, eh?"

"It's not easy, but"—

"Want to give it up and try something lighter?"

"No sir; unless I could earn as much as now."

"I see; want to save up and be a rich man, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you've got the right sort of pluck to get to the top, I believe, under any circumstances; I've had a dozen or more young fellows of your age down here and you're the first one that's staid here the year out. But it takes a long time's saving to make a rich man; you've got to have patience and work hard to compass it."

"Yes, sir; but I'm going to be one sometime, however long I work or wait."

"That's the right grit anyway, my boy. But what I want to ask you about is this property of Tom Riley's over in Skull Valley. Somebody was telling me they thought Tom had willed it to you."

"Yes, sir."

"You mean to tell me it's really so?" asked Sterling in an excited tone.

"Yes, sir," Roy answered.

His friend leaned over and took his hand.

"My dear boy, I'm as glad as if it were my own, and more, if possible. I

know that you deserve it, and will be worthy your good fortune."

"Good fortune!" repeated Roy, bewildered, "why, what do you mean?"

"I mean that poor Tom's prophecy has come true. We've found coal over there richer in quantity and quality than any yet discovered in the mountains. Tom's claim takes in at least half of the rich section, and as soon as we get a railway out there, it means a fortune for the mine-owners."

"Then Tom"—

"Tom's property is yours, and in less than three years, if rightly managed, and I mean to do all I can for you, you will be worth many a thousand dollars."

"I hope you'll forgive my not speaking before, Mister Roy, but I was taught my lesson as to the hopelessness of trying to cope with wealth and influence when I first told Mr. Mayfield of having heard his son talking with Rob Brody about the money in the vault."

"And you're sure there was no mistake, Miles?"

"I heard it as plain as I can hear you. Mr. Frank was just outside the railing and I had stepped into the little closet near the safe. I saw him hand a slip of paper to Rob, and then he said in a low voice: "This is the vault combination for tonight. If you let the chance slip, it's all over with us both." If I could have had any doubt after that that it was Rob Brody and Mr. Frank who committed the robbery discovered next day, it would have been set at rest when Rob was sent out to Australia by the firm. It's my opinion when Mr. Mayfield told Frank what I'd said he made a clean breast of it and together they planned to get Rob out of the way so that there would be no danger of having the story come out."

"Yes and then the way they treated poor Miles, turnin' him off with a week's notice and threatenin' to ruin his prospects if he ever made known to a livin' soul what he'd told them. Ah, if you'd only confided in your mother then Miles—I'd a had you tell it to the public whatever come." Hannah's eye blazed indignantly and for the first time in her life she spoke sternly to her son.

"But, mother, I had you to think of, and besides what could any of us have done against them, without a penny amongst us to set to work with."

"Miles was not to be blamed, Hannah," said Roy. "He did what any one would do in his position. Besides, as he said, without money or influence, I doubt if we could have made the public or any member of it believe our story. Now it is all different and we can set to work with a good will. The only thing is to know how to begin."

"The first thing to do, I should think, would be to find Rob Brody. He knows all, and as it was probably Mr. Frank who laid the plan and furnished the means for committing the robbery, he might be induced to tell the truth, if he were sure of safety and—a reward."

"It's the reward that'll do it, Master Roy. That's what your money's for. You could'n't convince me that Providence didn't put it into that man's heart to give you his coal claims, and for this very purpose. Everything works towards right in this world I've found out, however much we may be made to doubt it sometimes."

It was two months afterward that the two boys, Roy and Miles, together with Mr. Sterling and the detective whom he had employed to work out the case, arrived at Melbourne after their long ocean voyage.

It did not take the detective long to

find Rob Brody, and he proved to be an easy and willing instrument to their plans, when once their chief arguments were made. When they returned to New York Rob went with them and in a short time the true story of the robbery was made known to the world.

Unable to stand the disgrace fallen upon him, Stephen Mayfield, after making good the amount that had been stolen by his son and paid from the property left by Roy's father, disposed of his interests in New York and left for Australia, where his branch firm was established, and John Sterling, with Roy as silent partner, became owner of the branch that had built up a prosperous business under his once fair name. Frank Mayfield, obliged, after all, to reap the fruits of his crime, is still in penal servitude, learning by hard lessons the truth that no evil remains unknown and unpunished, and from the example of the son of the man whose name he had not hesitated to blight, that goodness and honesty will surely bring their reward. *J. S.*

THE line between failure and success is so fine that we scarcely know when we pass it—so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it. How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success. In business sometimes the outlook may seem darkest when really things are on the turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying, no defeat except from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose.

TRIFLING WITH TIME.

"How'd do?" was the greeting a youth of about eighteen years gave me one Saturday, as I turned the corner of ——— Avenue to go down ——— Street.

"Fairly well, thank you," said I. "How are you?"

"Just so, so," he replied.

I recognized him as one of the many youths whose principal occupation was "loafing," and as he expressed it, "looking for something to turn up."

"Oh yes, looking for a situation," said I. "Are you expecting one, have you one in view?"

"W-e-l-l, no, I haven't one in view," he replied, "but I want one badly. The old man is getting kind of tired of keeping me; he wants me to go to school or learn a trade; but it takes such a long time, working for nothing, in learning a trade; and, as for school, well, I became tired of that long ago."

I told him I was a few years older than he, that I had felt the same way myself when I was about his age, but wished I had the opportunity now to go to school or learn a trade; I would not waste much time considering the matter.

"That's what everybody tells me and I am sick of hearing it," he replied.

I walked on soliloquizing over what had been said. Here was a youth, almost a man, standing on the brink, as it were, of prosperity or failure; if he got a position, was steady, honest and upright he would make life a success; failing to get a situation he would continue as I met him, always waiting for employment. He sees the years go by, yet loiters at the door of success, not apparently conscious that if he would knock at one of the many openings, keep his eye steadfast on the star of his ambition, that his success is assured.

I seemed to see a bright-faced youth,

tall, well-built and healthy, listlessly attempting to mount the middle round of the ladder of success at one bound, spurning disdainfully the modest beginning.

I determined to watch closely the actions of the young man, and as days, weeks and months passed away, I saw no perceptible change in his acts. He is not bad; he is not good; he does not smoke, nor drink, nor gamble; nor does he associate with bad characters; yet, he seems to be gradually descending in the public mind, seems to hover under a cloud of general disapproval, made darker and darker by continued inactivity.

His clothes become shabby, he is morose and imagines his friends are slighting him. Positions that at one time had been scorned as degrading would gladly be accepted, but they are closed to him now.

Silently, remorsefully he thinks of the past, and wonders what he can do to regain lost prestige, for it begins to dawn on him that the man who attains the highest positions in the world is he who makes the greatest effort. His standing socially is fading, gradually he is being looked upon as a failure. Yet he lacks determination to enter the seemingly long and difficult passage to this or that profession, still believing that he can mount the stair of fame and fortune at a single bound when once the glorious opportunity presents itself. He never realizes that such chances are but dim spectres in the future, which have to be sought after and clung to after they are obtained.

The last time I saw the young man, he was working his poll tax. This was no disgrace, but I thought as I passed him, how much more brilliant might have been his career, if he had not "Trifled with Time." *F. F. Dalton,*

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

CONFERENCE INSTRUCTION.

OUR conference which has just terminated has been—as all conferences are—most interesting to everyone who has attended it. The instructions have been very plain and pointed. Probably at no previous conference were stronger testimonies borne than at this in relation to the divinity of the work and the authority of the men whom the Lord has chosen to stand at the head of the Church, bearing the keys and authority of Presidency. There was great unanimity of testimony upon these points, every speaker being led to dwell upon them.

The servants of God who stand in leading positions in the Church have occupied for some years past a somewhat anomalous position. For several years the leading men were compelled, for reasons which are well known, to keep in seclusion. Many of them, also, were consigned to prison. This had a tendency to cause the people either to look elsewhere for counsel and direction, or to neglect seeking it altogether. The result was apparent. As soon as liberty was restored and the authorities of the Church openly occupied their old positions, a great many of the people deemed it unnecessary to pay that regard to the counsels of the Priesthood they had been accustomed to in former years. Then immediately following this, came the division on party lines in politics. As is well known, feeling ran high, partisanship became almost the general rule, and this, added to the previous cause, had the effect to draw peoples' attention away from the Priesthood and lessen the disposition to seek its counsel.

It is not necessary to enumerate other

causes which have been operating, and which Satan has taken advantage of. The explanations that were made on Monday afternoon, October 5th, by Presidents Woodruff and Snow, and different members of the Twelve threw considerable light upon many points which have been agitating the public mind, and concerning which a great amount of ignorance and misapprehension has existed. I think that every faithful man and woman in the Church must have felt greatly relieved by those explanations. The want of information that existed upon the subject which was dwelt upon, Satan and those under his influence have not been slow to take advantage of. Under his prompting, charges have been made and censures indulged in, which have been positively wicked and altogether unjustifiable. The only excuse that can now be offered for this conduct is ignorance. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the remarks of the First Presidency and the Apostles, and the light they threw upon the case which they presented to the conference, will have the tendency to restore confidence, and to promote a more harmonious feeling than has been exhibited in some instances of late.

The principle of faith is one that ought to be cultivated by Latter-day Saints. It is constantly needed. The experience of the Church has proved this. Men and women must live so near unto the Lord that they will have faith in Him and in His power and willingness to do that which is right, and to maintain the right under all circumstances. The idea embodied in the remark of Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," conveys the correct feeling that members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints should have

concerning all trials to which they are subjected. There is no expression in the scriptures that more clearly conveys the implicit trust of a righteous man in the Almighty than this which was uttered by Job in the midst of his deep distress.

A faithful Latter-day Saint may not be able to understand all the movements of the Church, nor all the motives of the authorities of the Church in giving counsel or in taking action upon different questions; but will a man of this character censure them, assail them, or condemn them? Certainly not. He will be likely to say: "I do not understand the reasons for this action; I do not see clearly what the presiding authorities have in view in doing this; but I will wait and learn more. This I do know: that this is the work of God, and that these men are His servants, and that they will not be permitted by Him to lead the Church astray, or to commit any wrong of so serious a character as to endanger its progress or perpetuity." This would undoubtedly be the feeling of a man living close to the Lord, because the testimony of God's Spirit would bring this to His mind and make him feel sure that God had not forgotten nor forsaken His Church.

It is strange to many men of the present day, that the Latter-day Saints should be taught to have such confidence in those who bear the Priesthood, as to seek counsel at their hands. The spirit of the age is all against this. Unbelief has grown so rapidly in the world that the idea of one man going to another man as the ancients did to the prophets of God, to obtain the mind and will of the Lord, seems ridiculous; yet there was a time, if we believe the divine records, when this was the constant practice among the people of God. True

there were times when the people turned away from God, and refused to acknowledge His authority or to listen to His servants. They followed false gods and worshipped idols. But when living in harmony with the laws of God it was the practice to seek counsel at the hands of His servants. The people recognized that God had ministers to whom He communicated His will, and who were able to obtain answers from Him concerning matters that affected their welfare. The Latter-day Saints believe all this has been restored; that God has given unto men once more the authority to act in His stead among the people, and has promised to communicate to them the counsels that should be given to the people, and has inspired them to reprove and warn as well as to advise. This was the belief which the present members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints were taught when they joined the Church, and which they accepted. The carrying of this belief into practice has led to the deliverance, prosperity and happiness of the Latter-day Saints. Every faithful man knows this; and it is sincerely to be hoped that the experience of the past few years, and especially the lesson taught at this conference in the explanations made, will impress this truth more deeply upon the people than ever before, and that they will be warned against indulging in censorious and condemnatory remarks about the servants of God, especially when they do not understand all the conditions and circumstances which surround them, and which give rise to their words and actions.

There has been considerable said, and said with great force, at this conference and at the meetings of the Priesthood,

concerning the rising generation. It must be admitted, judging by that which we see, that there is not that care taken by parents with their children that should be. Parents do not exercise their parental authority in a proper manner. Many children are left to grow up with too much freedom—a freedom which they abuse, because they do not know how to use it properly. They are not properly restrained. They are left to use their time without being called to a proper account for it. They are left free to choose their own companions and associates, without their parents exercising any supervision over them.

They are permitted to smoke, and to swear. They are permitted to spend their time in idleness. They are permitted to stand in groups on the street corners, to become rude, boisterous, and ill-mannered. All this is visible in nearly all parts of the city of Salt Lake, and the same is too frequently seen in other towns and settlements. The consequences of this abuse of freedom will be most serious. No man who indulges in high hopes concerning the future of Zion can witness these evils without being greatly pained and discouraged. If it were not for the promises which the Lord has made, these things would be exceedingly discouraging.

Parents who permit their children to grow up in this manner have a fearful responsibility resting upon them. All that the Lord has said upon this subject goes to show how great will be the condemnation of parents who do not teach their children the laws of God, and who do not enforce that discipline in their families which every parent should exercise.

There are thousands of well-behaved, obedient and respectful children growing up among us. These appear to be the

salt of the community. But that there should be so many of this other class to which I refer is saddening. All our communities in these mountains, with the advantages which they possess, should be model communities. There are no agencies anywhere that are so complete and effective as those that we have at our control, for promoting the happiness and elevation of the young. Our young people should be the best behaved of any community, and it creates feelings of shame when they do not conduct themselves with ordinary decency. There must be serious faults in the management of the home on the part of parents where such rudeness and bad conduct are displayed by the children. It is true, that there are likely to be disobedient, wilful and unmannerly children in families and communities; but these ought to be the exception. All must admit that if children are taken in time and trained properly through their childhood and youth until they grow to manhood and womanhood, there will be but few who will break over the bounds and turn to wickedness. But it is too often the case that parents allow their children to grow up without proper restraining influences, until they reach an age when they as parents cannot correct and restrain them. Having failed to do this early in the life of the children, they find the children have outgrown their influence and authority, and that the work of controlling them has been put off till it is too late.

Experience has proved that when boys are taught the bad effects of using tobacco, and pains are taken with them to fortify them against this habit, very few ever become addicted to smoking or chewing tobacco. So with beer and liquor, with tea and coffee; and so with idleness, rudeness, and boisterous con-

duct in the streets, or in public meetings, or in the vicinity of meeting houses.

The improper conduct of which I speak is, in the most of instances, directly traceable to the home, and is a proof that home training has been seriously neglected. The happiness and future hopes of the Latter-day Saints are all so closely interwoven with the correct conduct of their posterity that it seems extraordinary there should be any neglect of duty in giving the children the proper training. All these evils appeal very strongly to everyone connected with our Primary Associations, our Sunday schools, our Mutual Improvement Associations, and the quorums of the Priesthood. Through these agencies everything should be done to correct the neglect, inattention and imprudence of parents.

The Editor.

A WALK should be considered as an intellectual pastime. Do not confound it with the muscle-walking tramp, who is not satisfied with less than four miles an hour. The walk which Thoreau loved, that ended in a saunter, is what we should aim at. Do not think you must reach a certain point, or go over a certain quantity of ground, or that you must know the names which science has given to the forms of nature. You have an eye for pictures, perhaps; well, look for them. Think of an autumn evening, the growth of a summer, dying; a tender haze hanging over a cornfield, before you, in the shadows; a twilight, mystifying and glorifying, like the memory of youth; the trees on the hill-top above you, a bank of gold with the glory of the sun on their turning leaves. And this is only one of a thousand.

LOST IN A GERMAN FOREST.

IN the spring of 189—, Brother M— and I arrived in Bern, Switzerland, as missionaries. After remaining a few days in Bern, we were sent by the president of the Swiss and German mission to labor in the city of Leipsic, one of the chief cities of the kingdom of Saxony. We were unable to speak the language, and were often placed in very ludicrous positions owing to our inability to make ourselves understood.

At the time of our arrival, there was no Elder in Leipsic, but there were a few saints in the place, and on Sunday afternoons they met at the house of one of their number, who lived several miles out of town, and read a few chapters from the Bible. They had not been able to hold regular meetings, as no one in the branch held the Priesthood. The first Sunday we were in the city we met with the Saints and administered the Sacrament to them. On our way home, we decided to take what appeared to us to be a shorter path. It led through a large and beautiful forest called the Rosenthal. This forest is a very extensive one, reaching out for miles and miles. There are paths leading in every direction which cross and re-cross each other, and a person has to be very familiar with the different paths, or he is almost sure to get lost. Never having been in the forest before, and not having a very distinct idea of the direction we should go in order to get home, we were not long in completely losing ourselves. But as it was still quite early in the afternoon, and having no idea of the extensiveness of the forest we did not feel at all concerned.

Sunday is a great holiday in Germany, and as there were quite a number of beer gardens in these woods, the walks were all crowded with people. Of course we

did not like to ask the way, as we were sure to be laughed at by the people on account of our poor German, though I must confess that the Germans are much more polite in this particular, than the Americans are. A German will endeavor to repress his smiles at the blunders which beginners are sure to make, although he may not always succeed very well, but the average American does not even attempt to disguise his merriment when a foreigner who is unable to speak the language tries to ask him a question. Brother M— and I often stood for several minutes, each one trying to induce the other to do the questioning.

It finally began to get dark, and we suddenly noticed that we met no more people. Without knowing it we had wandered off onto an unfrequented path. We retraced our steps as rapidly as possible, for we were now beginning to get alarmed. The woods were very dark now, and the prospect of remaining in them all night was not very pleasant. To make matters worse it began to rain quite hard.

Another fear now began to bother us. Upon looking at our watches we saw that it was after nine o'clock. We knew that the German custom was to lock the street door to all their houses at ten o'clock sharp. We had a room with a family of Saints who lived on the fourth floor of a tenement house, and we began to wonder how we would get in the house, providing we ever found it, something which seemed to us at that time extremely doubtful. We decided not to worry about that phase of the situation until we actually reached the house.

At last we began to see lights before us, and a few moments later we emerged from the forest. But we were in a strange part of the city, and had not the slightest idea which way to go to reach

our destination. However we kept on walking, and after about half an hour's walk came to a street car track. We attempted to board a passing car which was already pretty well loaded, but were repulsed by the conductor. We could not understand why this should be, as we were accustomed to see American cars take up passengers as long as they were willing to hang on, but afterwards when we became more fluent with the language, we learned that German street cars are supposed to hold a certain number of people, and no more than this number will be allowed to get on.

We arrived at the house after eleven o'clock, and found the good brother with whom we stayed at the door waiting to let us in. We were always a little more careful after this until we became thoroughly familiar with the country.

A ONE RAIL RAILWAY.

Cars Go Two and a Half Miles a Minute.

A Montreal paper publishes the following:

A RAILROAD train with a speed of 150 miles an hour is the latest marvel. It is running today.

Coupled with electricity, there is no knowing the speed which this new railway may develop. At present, operated by steam it easily makes two miles per minute in France and Ireland.

On a railway of this kind in the United States, you could go from New York to San Francisco in twenty-four hours. The trip from New York to Philadelphia could be made under this new system in thirty-six minutes.

If there was a road built like those now running daily in Ireland and France, you could take your breakfast in this city and your dinner in Chicago. You could go to St. Louis and return again

within twenty-four hours, and a run from New York to Boston and back would be simply a comfortable afternoon's journey.

The low cost of construction makes railroads of this kind particularly profitable. They do not need the expensive grading of the ordinary standard gauge road of the United States, and their right of way is not more than ten feet in width.

Moreover, the railroads of the future, as they have been called, require but one instead of two rails. Such roads can be quickly built.

They can run around curves that to the ordinary train would be impossible. They can carry freight as well as passengers. With more than twice the attainable speed of the fastest trains of today, these new roads require less than half of the present rolling stock.

The railroad built on this new principle which is at present in operation in Ireland runs from Ballybunion to Listowel.

Ballybunion, which is the terminus of the Irish line, is at the mouth of the Shannon River, in the County of Kerry. Listowel is a small town to the south east, situated on one of the main trunk lines of the country.

The railroad between these two points on which the amazing speed of 150 miles per hour has been developed, is about ten miles in length, and the run, it is claimed, has often been made in five minutes. Incredible speed has been developed.

The train from Listowel has frequently sped toward Ballybunion at a rate of 150 miles per hour. The officers of the line are confident that if the tracks were extended, this rate of speed could be kept up uniformly and safely for hours at a time. The road is at present operated

by steam, using a curious twin-locomotive specially adapted to the single track upon which the trains run.

Another railroad of the kind runs from Feurs to Panissieres, in France. On this line, too, the trains run at an equally astonishing rate of speed. Two miles per minute is a frequent performance of its engineers.

So astonishing have been the achievements of this new principle in railroad construction that it has been decided to build and equip a road of the kind at Brussels in anticipation of the exhibition to be held there next year. This road is now being constructed.

It has been decided, however, to try electricity as a motive power. If railroads built on the Behr system, as it is called, can develop a speed of 150 miles per hour using an ordinary steam locomotive, it is expected that a much greater speed can be achieved with electricity.

The Brussels road is therefore being constructed with a view to using electricity. Locomotives like those now in use on the Behr railroads in France and Ireland will be dispensed with.

Each car in the train will have its own dynamo, and the current will be taken from the rail, as it is now taken by trolley cars from the wire. No doubt is entertained of the Brussels trains achieving a speed of 150 miles per hour, and some of the engineers say they may go twice as fast.

The practical railroad man will, however, wonder how it is going to be done. He will tell you that it is impossible under the present system; that the cars would jump the track, that a thousand and one things would happen to the rolling stock; that the wind pressure would be too great, and so on. That would be true under old methods.

The new railway is as wonderful in

method, construction and shape as it is in speed. It is, in fact, the principle of the bicycle applied to railroading.

The railroad cars are practically split in the middle. The two halves hang down, as it were, on the sides of an inverted V or wedge-shaped track. This track extends above the ground about twice as high as a rail fence.

The wheels of the cars are in a line through the center. They travel along the top of the inverted V.

The passengers sit below the center of gravity on each side. The inside of the cars differ very little from that of the ordinary railway cars, except that each one has a line of seats extending down the center. Behind this center line of seats are located the wheels.

As the cars hang over the track, they would crash from side to side if buffers were not provided to prevent it and keep them steady. On each side of the inverted V-shaped track are placed two rails, on which run the guide wheels. These wheels are horizontal, and serve to take the lateral stresses at curves.

The cars are made in parts, or sections, with a flexible platform joining the sections. This is to allow for easy turning on curves, for when going at so great a speed it is necessary to ensure the greatest flexibility.

One hundred and fifty miles an hour would drive everything before it, and, if any wedge should occur, the resulting accident would be far worse for the passengers than any of the present-day smash-ups. A rail extending through the center of the car would certainly, in that case, create woeful havoc.

When one travels at lightning speed the force of impact become wonderfully increased. For instance, the centrifugal weight of a particle traveling round a 25-chain radius curve is, at 150 miles an

hour, 1.4 times the weight of the particle. One average passenger of 150 pounds would be forced to the outside of such a curve with a pressure of 210 pounds. But the sections of the cars being joined together by a pivot or pin precludes any sudden jerk to one side, and passengers are able to sit in the cars as easily and as comfortably as in a Pullman.

The seats in the cars being arranged along side of the single lines of wheels the passengers are compelled to sit back to back gazing out across country through the glass sides of the cars. It is well that the platforms between cars are provided with flexible coverings, otherwise it might be impossible to pass from car to car. A breath of wind through the front door would sweep the train.

The road now being built at Brussels is between three and four miles long. It is in the shape of an oval, so that a gradual curve is obtained. F. B. Behr, the inventor of the system, guarantees a speed of ninety miles an hour when running on a continual curve. One hundred and fifty miles an hour is only attainable on a straight road or where extremely large curves are possible.

It might be supposed that on rounding curves even at a speed of ninety miles an hour, the cars would jump the track. But this is said to be impossible because the center of gravity is below the rail or track.

When the train swings around a curve the weight of the passengers, motor and other heavy parts of the cars, tends to hold the wheels tightly against the track. The greater the speed of the train the harder does it cling to the rail, forced there by inertia.

It is exactly the same as though a poker were made to swing rapidly around in a circle when the finger is

inserted in the crook of the handle. The harder the poker is swung the more tenaciously does it cling to the hand.

When the cars are operated by electricity each car will have a motor of its own, and will be to all intents and purposes its own locomotive.

Each car will then contribute its own quota of force to the general inertia of the train.

In a long train however, there will be a general distribution of the load of passengers, so that the several motors would divide the strain. The general shape and arrangement of the cars make a long compact shuttle of the train shooting along at lightning speed.

The Brussels train will be composed of cars fifty feet long, carried on bogey trucks and having motors equal to 600 horse power each. When long distance roads are constructed, and where rivers are to be crossed, the track structure will be trussed like a bridge held up by piers.

For changing over from one truck to another, a piece of structure is made to swing upon a turn table. The line can be laid along the banks of existing railways at a small expense.

It is estimated that a proposed system of the kind extending from London to Brighton, England, would cost £1,000,000 sterling. It could carry 2000 passengers an hour or 10,000,000 annually at four shilling each, or £200,000 a year. The inventor of the system is an electrical and mechanical engineer.

The fastest time hitherto made by any railroad train was reached in 1893, when the Empire State Express on the New York Central Road, made a mile in thirty-two seconds near Crittenden, New York. This speed was at the rate of 112 1-2 miles an hour.

BEER DRINKING.

"PLEASE, mamma, can't I have some beer? Exerybody's drinking it," said little seven-year-old Paul to his mother as they ate their luncheon at one of our charming pleasure resorts.

"Why, my precious child, no, indeed! Do you think mamma would let her little boy drink beer?"

"Well, but, mamma, it doesn't hurt out here, does it? There's Brother Brown and all his family drinking it, and he's a good man."

"Mamma cannot help that, dear. Brother Brown is a very good man and we have no right to judge him. Still, I wish he would not set such an example to my little boy. I would not give you wine or beer to drink here any more than I would take you into a saloon at home. Promise me, Paul, that you will never touch anything of the kind, for if you never taste it you will always be free from temptation." And the fond mother's eyes filled with tears as she looked upon her son whose father had died a drunkard.

Paul vaguely remembered some of the sad scenes in his mother's married life, and he made up his mind that he must atone for his father's wrong. All children can do good if they try. As Paul promised his dear mother with his arms around her neck, and his rosy cheek close to her pale face, he decided that he would not only try to make her happy, but that he would have a talk with Brother Brown, whom he loved and respected very much. He was such a lovable little boy, so old fashioned and kind that everybody loved and petted him. Brother Brown was not at all angry or surprised when he was suddenly accosted by his young friend.

"Brother Brown, I didn't know that you ever drank beer."

"Why, I don't very often, Paul," said the good man apologetically. "But you see, my boy, a man gets thirsty breathing this salt air, and it don't hurt to drink a little mild beer out here."

"Mamma says it does. She says if you like it here you will like it just as well at home. We drink lemonade when we're thirsty. That's fine. Did you ever try sucking it through a straw? Mamma says she wouldn't take me into a saloon in town and give me liquor to drink, so she went here. It made me want some when I saw you and all your family drinking. Mamma says she wish't you wouldn't set a bad example to her boy."

Brother Brown was a proud man, but he was also a very good and just one, and not ashamed to accept good advice, even from a lad of seven. He remembered Paul's father and all the sorrow he had caused, and he knew how the boy's mother tried so fondly to keep him from sin. He shook hands with Paul and said:

"I am sorry I set you a bad example, for I want you to be a good, brave man. And as you say, it is not right to drink at one place any more than at another. I give you my word of honor that I will not do so again, and I want a promise from you, too." And Paul gave it heartily. When he told his mother of the conversation, she thanked her friend for his kindness to her and her son.

"My dear friend," he said humbly, "your boy taught me a lesson today which I will not forget. Beer does not itoxicate me at all, but it injures me of course, and it was wrong for me to let my boys drink it, and to set the example by drinking it myself. I promised your boy I would not do so again, and I shall keep my word."

Alcohol is given to us for a purpose.

It is used in a great many different ways. It is an excellent medicine in some cases, but should be very seldom or never be given to children in any form. It creates a taste which grows very quickly, and when you once have a love for it, it is almost impossible to give it up. That is why so many hundreds of men and women, too, I am sorry to say, become drunkards.

Do not taste it. Do not smell it. Avoid temptation and you will be safe. If you see some one else drinking, do not let that tempt you. Do right in spite of everything. If your father or your bishop drinks wine or beer, that is no reason why you should do the same. When people get old, you know, their bodies wear out, just like a machine, or anything else that has been used for a great many years. The stomach becomes weak, and needs something to strengthen and stimulate it, and often a little mild liquor is just what it craves. You ought not to think that you must have it because of that, any more than you should think you must wear spectacles because your father's eyes are weak and he cannot see to read without them. Your father's glasses would be very harmful indeed for your young eyes. It is very seldom that one person's glasses are suited to another person's eyes.

I know if my readers could have seen the horrible sights of drunken men, women and young boys which Paul saw on that night, you would have felt as he did when he hugged his mother closely and said, "Oh, I am so glad I've got a dear, precious mamma to show me how to be good."

To compare what we receive with what we deserve will make anybody thankful.

GOOD MANNERS.

It was a bright, sunny, golden October day, when a party of friends started out for a long walk. In a wood back of the house of a friend of one of the walking party were discovered a little boy and a girl, a brother and sister, the little girl about four years old, pretty as a picture and attractive as a little wood-nymph. She had been hunting chestnuts with her little brother, and nurse sat not far off, and a magnificent Saint Bernard, who barked a warning the moment the group of friends stepped near the children, was also on guard. Each member of the party shook hands with the little girl and spoke to her. The little boy, some two years older, stood in the background enjoying the attention bestowed upon his little sister, who called herself "Queen of Brothers." The little man looked into the faces of each one with his big, soft brown eyes, and then, walking up to one he knew best, he stretched out his little hand and said, "Good-after-noon!" Every member of that group was mortified; all had been rude, and the sweet, gentlemanly little fellow had taught the lesson by his own innate spirit of good-fellowship. He did not resent the attention paid his sister, but enjoyed the favors bestowed upon her, but he wanted to be friends. How often are children hurt through just such thoughtlessness! The pretty one, or the most attractive one, for some reason receives all the attention, utterly ignoring the timid or the shy one, whose little heart may be aching for the crumbs that fall from the banquet of affection spread before it. Certainly every member of that group learned a lesson in good manners from that gentlemanly little boy.

ALL lies are great travelers.

Our Little Folks.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

WHEN I was a little girl a lady told me of another little girl who wished to become beautiful. I will tell the story as she told it to me.

This little girl's name was Annie. Annie had always been called an ugly child. People didn't tell her she was ugly. They were kind-hearted and did not wish to hurt her feelings, but often when people did not think she was near she heard them say, "What a plain child Annie is! She never will grow pretty, and Rose grows prettier every day." Rose was Annie's little sister, and a very beautiful child she was with her rosy cheeks and sunny curls. Poor Annie! When she heard such things said she would go to her room and cry for hours. This made her eyes and nose red and made her look uglier than ever. Besides it made two cross looking wrinkles come between Annie's eyes. Rose was always afraid to speak to Annie when she saw those wrinkles for she knew Annie was in a bad temper and would scold or even strike her. I feel sorry for Annie, because I know what it is to be ugly, and how badly I used to feel when I heard friends say how much better looking my sisters were than I was.

One day Annie had one of her crying spells and went off in the woods to sulk. She sat down under a tree and thought she was the most unhappy little girl in the world. While she was sitting there an old lady came out of a house near by and asked Annie what was the matter. The old lady had such a kind face that Annie told her her trouble. The lady said:

"At the top of that hill is a small lake

of water; If you can climb to the top of that and look into the water, you will find that you are beautiful."

The lady knew that Annie couldn't climb to the top of the hill that day, but Annie was so anxious to become beautiful that she at once set out on her journey.

After awhile she became tired and sat on the porch of a house to rest. A lady came out and asked Annie where she came from and what she wanted. Annie told this lady her story.

The lady told her that she must go home now for a month. At the end of that time she might come again. She told Annie that she must not say a cross word to anyone during that month, if she did she could not go to the beautiful lake at the top of the mountain.

Annie was very tired so she was willing to go home.

When she came near her house she saw Rose with Annie's doll. She ran up to Rose and was going to say something cross to her when she remembered the lake and was silent.

That was a very hard month for Annie. Time and time again she wished to say something cross but the thought of the fountain kept her from doing so.

At the end of that month she again went to the lady who lived on the side of the mountain and told her that she was ready to go to the lake. The lady was much surprised at the change in Annie's face. The two wrinkles between the eyes had almost gone, and the little face wore a happier look.

She told Annie that she was not quite ready to go to the lake, but Annie was to go home for another month. During this month she was to help every one that she could.

Little Annie went home. She felt much happier than she did when she

went home before, but she didn't know the reason for it. Can you tell me the reason she was happier?

During that month Annie helped her mother in the kitchen. She tended the baby when her mother was busy and the baby was cross. She played games with little Rose. She always had the paper ready for her papa to read when he came home from his work.

Once she heard her papa say to his wife, "What a good child Annie is growing to be!"

"Yes," said her mamma, "I don't see how I could get along without her. She helps me so much."

That night Annie went to bed with a joyful heart. She didn't care if she was ugly if her folks loved her. She didn't know that she was growing prettier every day. Kind deeds and words always make the face kind, and is not a kind face always pretty?

At the end of this month Annie again went to the lady and asked if she might go to the lake. The lady said that she was not quite ready yet. That Annie was to go home for another month. During this month she was not to think an unkind or a bad thought.

Annie was troubled about this. It was not so hard to control her tongue, but it was very hard to keep from thinking of things that were not right.

Nevertheless she determined to try. When she began to think of something that was not right she would run and get a book to read or would play with baby. Then she would forget about the bad thought. She did this until at last bad thoughts did not trouble her often.

"Mamma, don't you think Annie is pretty?" she once heard Rose say.

"Yes, dear, she has better health than she used to, I think," said mamma.

What made her have better health?

She didn't fret and cry like she used to. she thought less of herself and more of others.

When this month was ended, Annie went to the lady and asked her if she could go to the lake. The lady said yes, so they went to the top of the mountain where they saw a lake as smooth as glass. The lady told Annie to look in the water. Annie did so, and saw a little girl with rosy, dimpled cheeks and bright eyes. What a happy little face it was!

"How I have changed," said Annie. "I am pretty now."

"Yes you are pretty now, because you have a beautiful spirit. You haven't changed in a minute. Your face has been growing prettier ever since you have tried to do better, and it will not grow ugly as long as you are good," said the lady.

Annie went home. It was very hard for her to do what was right all the time, but she prayed that God would help her, for she knew that she could not resist temptation unless she had help all the time from her Heavenly Father.

Do you wish to become beautiful children? Do you know that by doing as this lady told Annie to do you will grow more beautiful every day? Try this for yourselves and see if you are not happier as well as more beautiful.

THERE is evil enough in man, we all know! But it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity.

A NEW chance, a new leaf, a new life—this is the golden, the unspeakable gift which each new day offers to us.

FOURTH LETTER TO THE PRIMARIES.

DEAR CHILDREN: We were entering Kanab about noon, on the 19th of June, where I left you in my last letter.

"Kanab" is an Indian word, and means willows. Along the banks of the Kanab creek, there used to be a marvelous growth of willows. But no willows are to be seen there now; since our people founded the city there, great floods have swept them all away.

Although it was the first time either of us had visited Kanab, we felt quite at home among the people there. Sister Harriet Brown entertained us, and being herself very happy in doing so, made us feel happy, too, in being her guests.

We were glad to refresh ourselves with a nice warm bath, and to rest for that afternoon.

At 10 o'clock, on the morning of the 20th, we met with the Relief Society. As my mission was principally to the Primaries, I always talked to the mothers in their meetings about visiting and encouraging their children in their little meetings.

The Primary meeting was held at 2 o'clock in Kanab, and I think I never enjoyed a meeting more. There are so many bright, lovely children there, and all so sweet and good. But then, we find the same kind of children, and lots of them, everywhere among the Latter-day Saints—thank God for them, and may He bless them all forever!

Sister Wells, in talking to the children of Kanab in their meeting, asked them to pray that the Lord would send the rain, which was so much needed there; and to keep on praying for it until it came. They all voted that they would. And a few weeks later, Sister Brown wrote us that the blessed rain had come, and the faith of the little ones was strengthened.

The Young Ladies held their meeting in the evening; everybody was invited, the meeting house was well filled, and we had another excellent time.

The 21st was Sunday. Sister Wells and myself went to Sabbath School, and found it well conducted and very interesting. The primary department of the Sabbath School sang for us the temperance song, "Cold Water is the Drink for Me," and told us Brother George Goddard sang it for them, and asked them to learn it when he visited them.

I must mention the regular weekly meeting of the Young Ladies, held Sunday evenings. We met with them that Sunday and had a time of rejoicing never to be forgotten. The spirit of blessing, of testimony and peace rested richly upon us all, until, I believe, we were all moved to tears of gratitude, love and adoration towards God. None but members of the association, or at least only the sisters, were present on that occasion. And after the close of the meeting we all embraced and kissed each other, and thought of the time to come when Zion from above will meet with Zion on the earth, and they shall fall on our necks and we on theirs, and we shall kiss each other and praise God and rejoice together.

President Wooley and his family contributed to the enjoyment of our visit by taking us for a drive around the city. And everyone was so hospitable and kind, we felt as though Kanab was truly a little Paradise of peace.

We visited a number of sick people, in company with some of the sisters of the place, and while we comforted and cheered them as best we might, we heard from some of them testimonies of faith in God and cheerful submission to His will, which strengthened and helped us in return.

Monday morning, the 22nd, Brother Charles Pugh took us and some other sisters to a point called the Red Knoll; that was twelve miles from Kanab, on our homeward journey. But I must tell you of that morning's ride, for it was one of the most interesting rides we had on the whole trip.

We traveled up hill nearly all the way, and the sand was so heavy and deep that four horses were necessary to draw us; good, large, strong horses, too.

I wish I could describe to you the wonderful works of the dam, flume and reservoirs which the heroic people of Kanab have made to get the water under control so they can use it and not be damaged by it. But anyone must see the work to form even a faint idea of its vastness. President Brigham Young, in his day, prophesied many things concerning Kanab, so we are told, which have been and are being fulfilled. Among other things he told of the floods which would sweep the willows away, and how the waters of the creek would have to be secured.

"Who," we asked, "was the originator of this marvelous work and wonder?" And we were gratified to hear young Brother Pugh answer, "Uncle Guernsey Brown was the prime leader, and the man that stood by the work until it was done; although everybody helped; I suppose nearly every man and boy belonging to the place has worked days and days on it."

It pleased us to hear this, because, in childhood, we had known Uncle Guernsey and Aunt Harriet Brown as young people; have known something of their faithfulness and the hardships they have endured for the Gospel's sake, all the way along; and to find that such people, in some instances, "are not without honor," even in their own land, is very

pleasant indeed. Sister Brown is everybody's "Aunt Harriet" in Kanab; a choice nurse among the sick, and the soother of many sorrows.

About eight miles from Kanab, right at the foot of the mountain, we came to a very beautiful and rather mysterious looking little lake. To our questions regarding its name, Brother Pugh answered, "There are three of them, about half a mile apart; they are known as The Three Lakes." We saw and admired all three of them; the side of the mountain, with its rocks, trees and brush mirrored like pictures in their clear, blue depths. We were told that the lakes were full of carp, and that often picnic parties came up there and had pleasant outs, sometimes remaining over night.

Not far from The Three Lakes there is a very large cave in the side of the mountain, the mouth of which is towards the road. In the cave is a spring of clear, cold water. And, what do you think a young man has done? He has taken up a claim there, built a house inside of the cave, and lives there with his wife and little ones.

We could see them as we passed, the man at work and the children at play. There are patches of ground near, where they farm and have a garden; and little pastures for their cows and chickens. The home in the cave seemed to us very romantic and interesting.

At the Red Knoll, some one said, "Change cars here!" And sure enough, there was another team, which had come to meet us, and take us on to Orderville; while Brother Pugh, after resting and feeding his horses, returned to Kanab.

Orderville, and some other settlements, are in Long Valley. Mount Carmel is the name of one settlement through which we passed.

Orderville is twenty-four miles from Kanab. We reached that place at 1 o'clock p. m.; had dinner, Relief Society meeting, supper and Young Ladies' meeting that afternoon and evening. Went to bed tired, but very grateful and happy. Had been disappointed, that no letters from home had reached us while at Kanab. But at Orderville, the Sisters Hoyet, with whom we took dinner and rested, kept the Post Office, and when the mail came there that afternoon it brought the letters we had expected at Kanab; Sister Hoyet took them out for us there; they were full of good news and messages of love from our dear ones at home; so we slept peacefully that night.

The next morning, as we had to go on at 10 o'clock, to fill appointments in other places, we had Primary meeting at nine. All the children came and many parents. In that meeting the spirit of love and kindness prevailed to such an extent that babies, just beginning to walk, would get together and hug and kiss each other. We wondered if fresh, bright, early morning is not about the best time for children's meetings to be held. There is more to tell of Orderville, but good-bye for this time. Always your loving friend,

Lula.

It is noble to bear like a hero the calamities of life, but it is ignoble to continue to suffer under them when the time has arrived to triumph over them; and only an intelligent view of each case can reveal when that time has arrived.

As storm following storm, and wave succeeding wave, give additional hardness to the shell that encloses the pearl, so do the storms and waves of life add force to the character of man.

HE NAILED HIS SISTER DOWN.

TOMMY TEALE was just six years old. To-day was his birthday, but instead of having a good time to celebrate such a grand event he had to take care of the baby. His mother had gone out on some errands and left him all alone with his little sister. Tommy felt very, very badly to think such a thing had to happen on his birthday, and besides, little Nellie cried a great deal.

He did not know what to do with her; of course he loved her dearly, but did not enjoy taking care of her when she was so fretful.

As he stood at the window Ned Brown came out to play on the sidewalk.

"Come out, Tommy!" he shouted.

"I can't!" shouted back the little prisoner. "I've got to 'tend the baby."

"Shut the door tight, then, she can't get out!" screamed Ned.

Tommy thought it over. He knew more about babies than Ned Brown did. He thought Nellie might burn herself on the stove, or pull the cover off the table and break the lamp, or some other thing that babies seem to love to do. Ah! a bright idea came into Tommy's head. He ran quickly to the closet, got the hammer and tacks, and then went over to his baby sister and drove three tacks right through her pretty little dress, fastening her down tight to the floor.

When this was done he ran out of doors as fast as his little fat legs could carry him. In such a hurry was he to get to play that he neglected to shut the door tightly.

In about an hour Tommy's mother returned, and much to her surprise she found her baby daughter out on the top step! Both her chubby arms and dimpled neck were bare, for she had no dress on. Her mother picked her up and carried her into the sitting-room. There

was the little frock, nailed to the floor, in torn condition, showing how very hard baby must have struggled to get away, and of course it had to be put into the ragbag.

Tommy came in soon after, and was very much astonished at what his mother told him.

"I never did see such a baby," he said. "I thought you only wished to keep her out of mischief, and I felt sure the nails would do that!"

Tommy's mother shook her head, as much as to say, "I never did see such a boy."

BIG LETTERS.

A Primary Recitation.

'Tis Sunday morning, mama;
How bright the sunshine looks!
I want to pray for makers
Of papers and of books.

Last night, while papa held me,
And read aloud to you,
I looked across the paper,
And tried to read it, too.

The words, as papa read them,
I could not understand;
And so I read big letters,
Above and 'neath his hand.

But all of those big letters,
Said POLITICS and GOLD;
And MEDICINE and SILVER;
And DRESS GOODS BOUGHT and SOLD.

I like to read big letters,
But want the words some good;
And think they might be made so,
If book-men understood.

I'll ask the Lord to teach them,
On low lines, and above,
To tell in Big, Plain Letters,
Of GOD and FAITH and LOVE.

GOD BLESS THEE.

"God bless thee!" Here the gray sire stands,

With low bowed head and clasping hands;
This is his farewell blessing given,
His prayer of faith born up to Heaven;
Breathed for that dear departing one—
"God bless thee, oh, my son!"

"God bless thee!" And the mother's gaze,

Tells how unselfishly she prays;
How much of love is written there—
Those three short words are a full prayer,
Breathed in deep accents, calmly, mild,
"God bless thee, oh, my child!"

"God bless thee!" Now the sister sweeps
Aside youth's playful mood, and weeps;
Still lingering in a fond embrace,
As loth to quit that resting place;
Such love, such hopes in this combine,
"God bless thee, brother mine!"

Oft will a long farewell address,
Less heartfelt tenderness express;
And finest eloquence may prove,
Less true, confiding, changeless love.
Let this our earnest farewell be,
It is enough for us and thee,
Who on God's mercies all depend—
"God bless thee, faithful friend!"

Lula.

WHAT sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, and the hero, the wise, the good, and the great man often lie hid in the plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light.

HAVE a smile for all, a pleasant word for everybody. To succeed, work hard, earnestly and incessantly.

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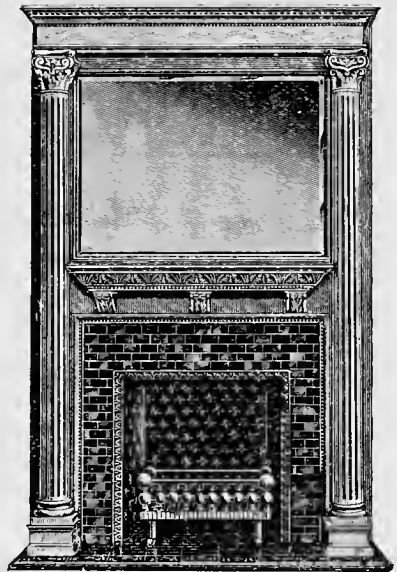
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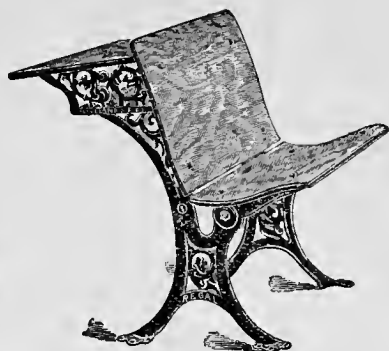
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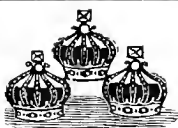
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